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Bryan Daily Eagle

By THE EAGLE PRINTING CO.

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BRYAN, TEXAS, AUGUST 20, 1909.

Parents are now deciding where they will send their sons and daughters to school. Just a word from you might influence them to select some of the worthy schools of Bryan.

The man who diversifies his crops is the man who lives at home and boards at the same place. Incidentally it might also be noted that he is the man whose check is "good" at the bank.

Governor Tom has accepted an invitation to go to St. Louis and sail down the Mississippi with Taft in October. We thought he would. Gov. Tom likes to be close to where the band plays.

General Davidson says the Waters-Pierce Oil Company in Texas will certainly be sold out, lock, stock and barrel. Certainly; but has it not occurred to the General that it might be its own purchaser? Like the great screaming Aemas when an insurmountable barrier prevented further flight from its enemies, with one mighty gulp it swallowed itself.

If we could only get up a great harmony movement here and every man stand shoulder to shoulder in securing new enterprises, the result would be marvelous. Dirt would be flying on the Bryan-College trolley in fifteen minutes, the tall smokestacks of many manufacturing concerns would pierce the sky, and the Saturday evening payrolls would keep a constant stream of gold flowing in the channels of trade.

The Madisonville Meteor reports cotton selling in Madisonville this week from 11 3/4 to 12 cents. It has been selling in Bryan all the week from 12 to 12 1/4. When it comes to a sure enough market Bryan leads them all. Not only gives more for cotton and other products, but sells goods far cheaper. Not only that, but her merchants carry the best and largest stocks to select from between Houston and Dallas.

The hardest thing to understand in Texas political matters, is why a leading paper setting itself up as the pure and unadulterated, double distilled essence of democracy, employs a man to expound democratic tenets and doctrines, and exhort democratic officials, and interpret to suit himself the motives and actions of those in high position, when he himself votes the republican ticket, state and national. The two are hard to harmonize.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Marlin is not a typical resort of the kind portrayed by the novelist, the magazine writer and the newspaper correspondent. The crowd here is thoroughly democratic. There are people of wealth, some of whom are accustomed to refinements and follies of fashionable society, but when they come here most of them bring along only the substantial characteristics of their manner of life, leaving the frivolity behind. Most of the visitors are people in moderate circumstances who have neither the means nor the inclination for extravagant display. Their time and their money are appreciated and they want value received for every dollar and every day spent. While the fine hotels are well patronized the dollar-a-day hostels and the boarding houses get the bulk of the custom.

Everybody goes in for comfort. There is no dressing for dinner or for any special occasion. In the opera house last night very few men wore coats and the ladies were dressed with corresponding simplicity. In one of the most fashionable churches at the Sunday evening service many of the men were coatless, and the pastor expressed his approval of this innovation. The principal place of rendezvous is the pavilion at the hot well and here the men with coats are conspicuously few.

In such a miscellaneous aggregation of humanity both the sociologist and the student of human nature in the abstract find many objects of interest. The variety of character types is infinite. One of the most interesting men I have met is a blacksmith, of the type immortalized by Longfellow. He has been employed many years in a large lumber mill in East Texas and is the kind of man who takes pride in his work. He had never been sick until stricken with rheumatism a few months ago, which gradually grew worse until he was disabled and came here to be cured. He is an optimist and confident of an early recovery. Under his rugged exterior there is a great big soul endowed with tender sympathy, delicate sensibility and the capacity for noble thought.

Another interesting person is a fine healthy girl of about twelve who is here as companion to an invalid aunt from Arkansas. Young as she is, Lillie has found the philosopher's stone—the secret of happiness. I have rarely seen anyone who could find so many opportunities of doing little kindnesses to others. God bless her! She is a priceless jewel and will be a blessing and a benediction wherever she goes.

I could extend these character sketches into a series of indefinite length. There is the quarrelsome mother of an invalid son with whom she is constantly quarreling. By the way, I saw this son cheating at dominoes the other day. His opponent was a smaller boy, a manly little fellow who would have won the game had it been played fairly, but he took his defeat with chivalrous resignation. I was strongly tempted to expose the cheat but refrained because it would have done no good.

J. M. C.

All lands of R. H. Seale and Seale & Danby north of Bryan are posted according to law. All persons found trespassing upon same will be prosecuted to fullest extent of the law.

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HOT.

One hundred and four
In the shade!
Good Heavens and earth!
I could wade
In an ocean of pink
Lemonade
To my chin or my ears
Unafraid!
And list to the cool
Serenade
By tickling ice
Particles made,
While ice water spattered
And sprayed
On spots that were parboiled
And flayed!
Oh, just to go forth
Unarrayed
In garments! No coat
Ever made
Were cool when the heat
Has so played!
Oh, torture that won't
Be allayed!
Oh, civilization!
I'd trade
You off for a grotto
Or glade
Of glittering ice
Or of jade!
Oh, to slide down an
Ice covered grade
And go plunk in a pool
Coldly laid
'Neath an iceberg! Oh, cold
Esplanade
Of ice! can't you come
To my aid?
I am scorched and am burned
Like a blade
Of grass! Oh, forever
I'm paid
For last winter's flaying
Tirade
Against cold! I have prayed
And have prayed,
But the heat for no
Moment was staying!
Oh, Fate, can no prayer
Dissuade?
—J. M. L. in Houston Post.

Madison county farmers, as usual, will have this fall plenty of greasy biscuits and cracklin corn bread, back bone, spare ribs, sausage, turnips and greens—less work and more to eat—than any county in Texas. We don't know what hard times are in this land of "Paradise."—Madisonville Meteor.

Now there is a philosophy that is to be desired rather than great riches. Happy is the man who daily looks forth across the rippling seas of promise, expecting with confidence to see his treasure laden argosies come sailing in. There is no darkness, doubt nor gloom in his soul, but the rainbow of hope keeps his face wreathed in perennial smiles.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Wrights are suing the Aeronaute society of New York for infringing on their patent.

Seven cadets have been dismissed from West Point for hazing.

Varnell, the man burned by the explosion of a gasoline tank near Waxahachie when a freight train was wrecked, is dead of his injuries.

Baseball results in the Texas league yesterday: Galveston, 0, San Antonio, 10; Houston, 4, Waco, 3; Shreveport, 4, Fort Worth, 9; Dallas, 3; Oklahoma City, 6.

Light rain and lower temperature is reported from points in Northwest Texas.

Mr. Fisher, the Dallas newspaper man who was taken from the Proteus at Jacksonville, Fla., ill with appendicitis, was operated upon and stood it well.

Yesterday was Joe Bailey day at McKinney. He spoke to an audience of fifteen thousand people, who endorsed his action in the senate and cheered him to the echo.

OIL MILL TO START.

The Eagle learns the Bryan Oil Mill will start up for the season about September 1st. This will be good news to every one that owns a cow. The town has been bare of hulls for four weeks and the town cow has not only suffered, but the milk output has been greatly reduced. There was a time when hulls as a feed were considered of little or no value, merely a filler, but today to be without hulls is nothing short of a milk famine. The price of hulls delivered in Bryan by the car is \$10.50 per ton. Add to this the cost of handling, loss in weight, etc., and the customer would pay from \$12 to \$14. This is the reason no hulls have been shipped to Bryan.

Reason Enough.

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back? Composer—That is where the wanderer who the hotel bill brought to him.—Ellegende

A Caroline Islands Legend.

The Caroline islands group includes, besides coral islands, five mountainous islands of basaltic formation, beautiful and fertile with rivers and springs. Among the many queer legends of these children of the Pacific there is none more highly improbable than their theory as to the origin of these islands and their inhabitants. They think they themselves were very strong in the water—in fact, they lived in it. The story goes that a woman and her children were floating around on the reef when a man appeared from the west with a basket of soil on his shoulders. He had started out to make an island with a mountain on it. One of the children cried out to him, "Give us a little soil to make a place for our mother to rest, for she is very weak and cannot swim." He took out a handful of the earth and threw it down, making an island. As the man was going on his way over the water the son slyly made a hole in the basket, so as he proceeded on his way he left a trail of land behind. Suddenly he became conscious that the basket seemed light, and looking around, he saw the land. In his anger he turned about and trod upon it, and thus the islands were formed.

An Apt Answer.

The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland banks are many and grave. Foremost among them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, which involves almost inevitable loss of their occupants. Callous capitalists, secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disastrous are the results. One of these brutal skippers was aptly answered once by a bank man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

"Out with you!" shouted the captain. "Hurry up there! It's a fishing day!"

"Oh, no, skipper!" replied the dory man. "It's too stormy today for a boat to fish."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the skipper. "If my old grandmother was here today she'd get her dory out."

"Then, skipper," said the man, "if her grandson will come out with me now I'll haul my trawl."

It is needless to say no dories were launched from that schooner on that date.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She-Knew the Saint.

Margery's cousin, Cecilia, was eighteen and pretty. She was also devoted to music and spent hours practicing on a large pipe organ. This, together with the fact that she invariably wore a rapt expression when so engaged earned for her the nickname of St. Cecilia. It happened that Margery's mamma was called to town and left her five-year-old daughter in charge of an obliging neighbor. This lady undertook to amuse her young guest by showing her a collection of prints, among which was a copy of the familiar presentation of the patron saint of music seated at the organ.

"This, my dear," said the obliging hostess, "is a picture of St. Cecilia."

"It doesn't look a bit like her," spoke up the tiny visitor.

"Why, how do you know?" inquired the astonished owner of the print.

"How do I know?" returned the equally astonished Margery. "Why, St. Cecilia is my own first cousin. She taught me my prayers and how to play jackstones."

When Children Smoked.

In the seventeenth century in England the practice of juvenile smoking was almost universal, at least according to Jorevin de Rochefort, a French traveler of that period. In an account published in 1671 he gives a description of an evening he spent in Worcester. He was catechized by one of the townsmen as to the habits of the French people. "While we were walking about the town," he writes, "he asked me if it was the custom in France as in England that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in their tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health."

Rose Colds From Paper Roses.

"A patient of mine is subject to rose colds," a doctor said. "She caught a bad rose cold last week from a bouquet of artificial roses. That often happens. It is supposed to show the mystic, psychological aspect of disease, but as a matter of fact it is just as natural to take a rose cold from paper roses as from the real kind. Why? Because the paper roses that bring on rose colds are always perfumed. It is the fad, you know, to perfume artificial flowers. The scent used is the essential oil of roses, and it is this oil in the natural flowers that causes rose colds."—New York Press.

A Keen Observer.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she.

"That is nice," said papa.

Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet!"—Delmeator.

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